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VOL. 50—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—THE
TWENTIETH SATURDAY CONCERT.—Miss Sophie Löwe, Miss Catherine Penna, and Herr Stockhausen. Solo Pianoforte, Miss Baglehole, pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes (by permission of the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music). Symphony in D, "No. 7" Grand (Haydn); Pianoforte Concerto in D (Brahms); Overture, "The Alchemist" (Spohr) and "Masaniello" (Auber). Conductor—Mr. MASSE.

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SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, at St. GEORGE'S
HALL. THIRD CONCERT, this evening, at Eight. Beethoven's Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for strings; Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat, Op. 47; and Hummel's Pianoforte Trio in E major, Op. 33. Executants—Madame Camilla Urso (Violinist), her second appearance; Messrs. Edouard de Paris (Pianist), Jung, Hann, and Paque. Vocalists—Madame Conneau and Miss Alice Fairman. Conductor—Mr. Wilhelm Ganz. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; admission, 1s. At the music-sellers; St. George's Hall; and of the Director, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. W. G. CUSINS'S Oratorio "GIDEON." The first performance in London, THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 14th, in St. JAMES'S HALL. Miss Edith Wynne, Mde. Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. R. Hilton, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Harp, Mr. John Thomas. Organ, Mr. Edwin Bending. A "Festled," for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, by Meyerbeer; and by the gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen, now publicly performed for the first time in England, from the score and parts in the Royal Library, two MSS. Trios for female voices, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller; and Weber's Concertstück. Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins. Principal violin, Herr Ludwig Strauss. Band and Chorus of 300. (Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats area, 5s.; balcony, first and second rows, 7s.; reserved, 5s.; unreserved, 3s.; area and gallery, 2s. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; at all the principal music-sellers; or of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 33, Nottingham Place, Regent's Park, W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS. The Directors have much pleasure in informing the subscribers that, in addition to the great works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, &c., the following important compositions, some of which have been written expressly for the Society, will be included in the programmes during the season:—Overture, "Ajax," W. Sterndale Bennett (first time of performance); Symphony in D, No. 2, Cipriani Potter (first time at these concerts); Concerto with harp, Handel (first time at these concerts); Saltarello, Gounod; Symphony in G minor, W. Sterndale Bennett; Serenade in D, Brahms (first time in England); Overture, "Tempest," Julius Benedict (first time at these concerts); concerto for pianoforte, W. G. Cusins (first time at these concerts); Concerto for strings, J. S. Bach (first time in England); Concerto for violin, G. A. Macfarren (first time of performance); Overture, "Alfonso and Estrella," Schubert; Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; Symphony in C, Schumann, &c. The Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, March 20th, and on Monday Evenings, April 14th, April 29th, May 13th, May 27th, June 10th, June 24th, and July 8th. Subscription, three guineas, two guineas, one guinea. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Austin's, St. James's Hall; and principal music-sellers. STANLEY LUCAS, Sec.

NEXT MONDAY MORNING.

THE LAST MORNING BALLAD CONCERT will be given at St. JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAY, March 11th, when the following artists will appear:—Madame Liebhart, Miss Blanche Cole, and Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Enriquez, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductors—Mr. J. L. Hutton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; orchestra and gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Bossey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual music-sellers.

NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING.

THE LAST EVENING BALLAD CONCERT will be given at St. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY next, when the following artists will appear:—Madame Liebhart, Miss Blanche Cole, and Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Enriquez, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Maybrick. Conductors, Mr. J. L. Hutton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; orchestra and gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Bossey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual music-sellers.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS, BRITXTON.— Director—Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE. SIXTH CONCERT (Third Season) next TUESDAY EVENING, March 12th. Messrs. Holmes, Burnett, Pettit, Fox, Ridley Prentice, Miss Ellen Horne. String Trio in G, Beethoven; Pianoforte Quartet, G minor, Mozart; Cantata, Carlissimi, &c. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley
Street, W.—President, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Director, Herr SCHUBERT. SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The next Concerts of the Society, this Season, will take place on Thursday, April 4th, May 9th, and June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HORNER, Hon. Sec.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ'S CLASSICAL
CONCERTS, St. GEORGE'S HALL. FIRST CONCERT, THURSDAY, March 14, at Eight.—Grand operatic selection from Mozart's "Così fan tutte," Spohr's "Auror and Zemira," &c.; Sir W. S. Bennett's Chamber Trio. Vocalists—Mdlle. K. Poyntz, R. Jewell, Jones, Meadows, and Mde. Osborne Williams. Instrumentalists—Henry Holmes, Pettit, and Walter Macfarren. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Francesco Berger, Signor Bacalossi, and Mr. Osborne Williams. Sofa stalls (reserved), 10s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. Tickets and programmes at Lamborn Cook & Co.'s 63, New Bond Street; St. George's Hall, &c.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.— Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, March 15th, Handel's Oratorio, "SOLOMON" (Subscription Concert). Principal vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Vinta, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Bigby, and Mr. Patey.—Tickets, 3s., 5s., and stalls, 10s. 6d., at No. 6, Exeter Hall.
NOTE.—The FORTIETH ANNUAL PASSION WEEK PERFORMANCE of the "MESSIAH," will take place on WEDNESDAY, March 27th. Tickets now ready.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, St. JAMES'S HALL,
FRIDAY EVENING next, MARCH 15th, at Eight o'clock. Programme—Old Masters. Part I. Sacred. Part II. Sacred and Secular. Vocalists—Miss Ellen Horne, Mde. Poole, Miss Sophie Ferrari, and Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. Mads, Mr. Henry Regaldi, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Violin—Herr Joachim. Pianoforte—Mr. J. G. Callcott and Mr. J. C. Ward. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls, 6s.; family ticket (to admit four), 21s.; stall subscription to the series, 27s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; admission 1s. At all Music Publishers, and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

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THE GUITAR.

MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her friends and pupils, that she is in town for the Season, and at liberty to accept Engagements for Private Parties, and Lessons. 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MISS FENNELL begs to announce that she is in London for the Season, and prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirees, &c. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

MR. GREAVES (Bass).—All Applications for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to Mr. Cunningham, Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

"THE MESSAGE."

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing Blumenthal's celebrated Song, "THE MESSAGE," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Fourth Piano-forte and Vocal Concert, at Islington, March 14th; and at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

"MAY."

HENRY SMART'S Duettino, "MAY," will be sung by Miss AGNES DRUMMOND and Miss ALICE BARNETT, at Mrs. John Macfarren's Fourth Piano-forte and Vocal Concert, at Islington, March 14.

"SIR ROLAND."

HERR CARL BOHRER (Baritone of the Royal Dresden Opera) will sing Henry Smart's new song, "SIR ROLAND," at the Grand Evening Concert, March 18, in the Great Hall of the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street.

MADAME CONNEAU will sing three MS. Songs, composed expressly for her by Rossini, entitled "REGATTA VENEZIANA," at Mr. Wilhelm Ganz's Saturday Evening Concerts, at St. George's Hall, THIS EVENING.

"SWEET EVENING AIR."

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd, and during the month at Brixton and Richmond, also at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

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"AS THE SUNSHINE TO THE FLOWER," Part-Song, by W. G. CURRIE (No. 1 of Modern Four-part Songs for Mixed Voices), will be sung by a full choir, at St. James's Hall, Thursday, March 14th. Price, net, 6d. List of the work on application to the Publishers, London, LAMSON COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, and CRAMER, WOOD & Co.

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

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SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**

London: LAMSON COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

MUSIC IN LONDON HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(By a Looker-on, living at the period—1820.)

(Concluded from page 59.)

To the permanent establishments of the other end of the town have just been added a series of six grand subscription concerts, at the Argyll Rooms. Many of our readers have yet perhaps to learn that this splendid suite of apartments has been appended to the other objects of the Regents' (now the Royal) Harmonic Institution, and prepared at a vast expense, for the several uses of concerts, plays, masquerades, and assemblies. They are noble rooms, and consist of four saloons, in one of which the refreshments are given, and in another the public performances. The latter is more spacious, we believe, than any other in London, the Opera Concert Room, perhaps, excepted. The proportions are considered to be very fine. At one end is the platform, employed either as a stage or an orchestra; at the other, four tiers of boxes. The sides are decorated with gigantic appropriate mythological figures, discreditably painted; and the whole appearance is showy, but we think cold, and in parts heavy, as to design and execution. The other apartments are far more rich and tasteful. The approaches, unfortunately, are confined, an error which the Institution will probably see sufficient cause to correct. The rooms were first opened on the 28th of February, with a grand miscellaneous concert, and since that period they have been engaged almost nightly. The Philharmonic also hold their concerts here. The series of performances which has led to this description has been established since the engagement of the rooms by that society, and without entering too deeply into the nature of the engagement, we have some reason to think the Philharmonic may consider their plan as virtually infringed by the attempt to establish, we will not call it a hostile concert, but one which is most likely to interfere with the purposes of the original Institution. We allude to the circumstance solely because we consider that the interests of music are deeply involved in the unity of its professors, and those of such a body of musicians ought to be studiously guarded against even the semblance of partial encroachments. The Argyll concerts are supported by the most eminent professors, upon the principle, as it appears, of mutual concession. The leaders are Messrs. F. Cramer, Loder, Spagnoletti, and Spohr. The conductors, Messrs. Attwood, Cramer, Crotch, Greatorex, and C. Knyvett. The instrumental and vocal bands comprehend almost every distinguished name in the long catalogue of talent. The selections are to consist of equal portions of vocal and instrumental music, and to be chiefly modern, with a suitable commixture of such MS. compositions of decided merit, as is within the power of the conductors to obtain. They began on the 20th of April, and will terminate on the 29th of June, being on the Thursday evening.

There is a regulation to which we entreat earnest notice, for it seems as if the directors of public amusements were beginning to attend seriously to the irksomeness and inconvenience of the enormous length to which such entertainments are commonly protracted. The concerts, it is stated, are to begin at half-past eight, and end about eleven o'clock—thus allotting not more than two hours and a-half for their entire duration. The arrangement is very sensible in every point of view, for all our public amusements are much too long. It is the vulgar and coarse appetite alone that gloats on quantity. The earlier Philharmonic concerts never exceeded this duration, nor was any one scarcely seen to go away before the end. It is no longer so.

Mr. Pio Cianchettini, whom the world remembers as a youth of promising talent, has returned from the study of dramatic vocal composition at Naples, under Zingarelli, during the last five years, and has presented himself to the public as a composer. On the 17th of April, he gave a *sacred vocal concert* at the Argyll Rooms, when he produced an English *cantata* for soprano and tenor (principals) and a chorus; the words from Milton. It was an effort worthy an ardent mind, to grapple with the purest, most exalted, most sublime amatory expression in the language; and, though the success was scarcely equal to the hardihood of the adventure, the composer appeared to fail rather from the great expectations excited by the gigantic standard of the poet, than from admeasurement with the men of his own time. The music was unequal—if it rose for a period, it sunk also to commonplace recollections, which marred the uniformity of effect. The air of *Eve* was the most captivating part of the composition. The singing of Mr. Braham and Mrs. Salmon did the work justice. Mr. C. afterwards played a not very interesting concerto of his own in good style. A MS. oratorio of Paisiello ended, as a MS. overture of Gluck began, the concert, with novelty, and novelty from canonized musicians. The choral part was destroyed by imperfect performance. The solos were well sustained by Signors Angrisani, Bianchi, and Miss Corri, and the composition was very fine and imposing.

The oratorios this season have been given on alternate nights at Covent Garden and at Drury Lane; and the Cobourg Theatre has also been opened for this species of musical performance on the Friday evenings during Lent. The first was under the direction of Mr.

Bishop, the second under the conduct of Sir G. Smart. At the Cobourg Theatre, Mr. Ware led, and Mr. Ansell was at the organ. The singers at the two great theatres were nearly the same—Messrs. Braham Pyne, Terrail, Gouldon, Swift, Tinney, and Nelson—(these three last at Covent Garden, and for one night Mr. Bartleman, as basses). Signors Angrisani and Ambrogetti have also sung occasionally. The females were Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Goodall, Miss M. Tree, Miss Carew, Miss Povey, and Miss Cubitt. The Cobourg had the two Misses Corri, Signor Ambrogetti, Mr. Pearman, and Mr. Higman. These selections have departed so widely from the pristine intention, that it is quite a mockery to prohibit the theatres from the exhibition of stage plays, to admit the substitution of such concerts as bearing any affinity to religion.* To the variety in selection which the oratorios exhibit, they add a curious proof of the increasing taste for Italian music, which is now rapidly diffusing itself through even the middle ranks of society. We observed that the comic songs and duets of Signor Ambrogetti (who appears like the Flamen of these new orgies) were most rapturously received, and particularly by the pit.

Covent Garden was less prolific in new music than Drury Lane. 'The Battle of the Angels,' a scene by Bishop, the words from Milton, afforded great scope for Mr. Braham's powerful dramatic expression. An Italian song by Sogner, composed for Mr. Pyne, and Winter's *grand Battle Sinfonia* are the only novelties which strike us.

At Drury Lane, Sir G. Smart produced a *Miserere*, by Winter; Madame Bellocchi gave a grand scena, by Meyer; and Mr. Nelson two MS. songs—one 'The Spirit of the Storm' by Perry of Norwich, and the other a recitative and air, 'O Liberty' by Moss.

Among the new singers, Miss Povey and Miss R. Corri alone appear to stand conspicuously forth. Miss P. is of considerable promise; her voice is rich, pure, and brilliant; her style chaste, and her expression legitimate, neither savouring of force nor affectation. Miss Rosalie Corri has been heard before; she has, however, a good voice, and the first dawnings of the delightful execution of her sister. The dialect of the Northern metropolis somewhat reduces the excellence of her English singing.

Before we quit the oratorios, we must say a few words upon the barbarous taste which displays itself in the national adoption of the congregation of noises, called *Battle Sinfonia*. Our philosophers, it seems, knew little of the matter, who considered, like Adam Smith, "that it would be a strange entertainment which consisted altogether of the imitations of hatred and resentment." Here, however, we have hatred and resentment in their worst forms—battle and murder. Let our readers, who have never been present at one of these noise-makings, imagine a reinforcement of the regular band, of trumpets, trombones, side-drums, and the most stunning instruments. Then come two tremendous bass drums, untunable and untuned, which are placed like beer barrels at a country wake, upon stools in the front of the stage. These are to represent the firing of the great artillery—the cannoners being furnished with huge bludgeons, like the "Salvage men" upon St. Dunstan's clock in the Strand. The small arms are imitated by that dulcet instrument, called in the catalogue of the stage property man, a *crash*, being a combination allied in mechanism and effect to the watchman's rattle, but multiplied so as to augment its operation an hundred fold. To complete all this "confusion worse confounded," the storm apparatus of the theatre is also pressed into the service, together with the cloud-compeller himself, who thunders, hails, and rains at proper intervals. Now, reader, conceive all this in motion; or if you cannot conceive it, can you imagine the bellowing of Billingsgate, in addition to the rumbling and rattling of Thames-street?—the concord of all the sweet sounds that flow from the wharfs and the quays, from carts and carmen, drays and draymen, clerks, porters, wharfingers, fish-wenchers, tide-waiters, and custom-house officers, sailors, lightermen, and servants, all at once agglomerated in rapid, active, and hot conflict? These may picture something like the loud chorus of a *Battle Sinfonia*; if not, all other similitudes will fail you.

The progress and state of composition will have been copiously elucidated, we apprehend, by our various reviews of musical publications. We may, however, remark generally that the higher departments—oratorios, ecclesiastical and dramatic composition—are fading away, while the increasing multitude (*mob* we had almost written) of divertimentos and such things present little of a permanent character. We have Mozart in ten thousand shapes. Another prevailing fashion appears to be the addition of accompaniments for the flute, which perhaps is attributable to the decline of the study of the violin. Fewer

* Our remark can scarcely need a more ample justification than is to be found in Covent Garden bill of March 8. The first part consisted of selections from *Il Don Giovanni*, the most licentious of all Italian operas. In the second part, "Non più andrai farfallon' amoroso" from *Figaro*, stood between "Wait her, angels," and "O magnify the Lord." The third commenced with the amatory part of *Acis and Galatea*, and concluded with the *Battle Sinfonia*; and this is called an oratorio during Lent.

gentlemen now practice this instrument, from the difficulty of obtaining even a moderate degree of excellence, while the flute presents an easier progress—though, when attained, we must confess in our judgment, it is so inferior as to bear no comparison. Fashion, too, is a little on its side. But the substitution is injudicious. For, besides the natural imperfection of the flute, its peculiarity of tone and power of prolongation diminishes the effect of the principal instrument.* Even the demand for English glees, we are told by publishers, is visibly declining, while novelty and Italian music seem to bear away the rewards. Ballads, in the popular form of amatory sentiment, *sell themselves*, in the language of the trade, from whom, in this case, we must borrow our information. The list of composers is prodigiously swelled by foreign names; and though we sometimes hear complaints of patronage unjustly withheld or conferred, we confess we are not sorry to see such competitors rushing hardly for the prize. Talent is or ought to be a citizen of the world, and though we are full, brim full of genuine English predilections, we would yet prefer to see our countrymen lose the distinction they cannot fairly win, rather than suspect that they owe precedence or emolument to national prejudice. He who cannot think as freely as we do upon this subject will never brace his mind to the energy that will alone enable him to contend with honour. We have enough of the *fancy* to relish the just though coarse English adage, "a clear stage and no favour," in the conviction that he who is to be daunted by name or nation is deficient in the qualities that lead to the true greatness we have pride and pleasure in seeing our countrymen arrive at and enjoy. Let the noble encouragement England affords to the natives of other countries be the subject of emulation, not of envy, to her own offspring. In this, our age, the public is a good, and in the million of instances, an impartial judge.

Much of very fine music, creditably performed, is to be heard at the Catholic Chapels in London, as well as at the choirs of the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's. The Chapels of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Bavarian, Embassies are the frequent resorts of those who love fine organ playing, and the masses of foreign composers. Mr. Novello, as an organist, takes very high rank indeed, and at protestant places of worship Mr. Wesley, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Purkis, Mr. Adams, Mr. Nightingale, and others, exhibit, in their voluntaries, the noblest specimens of the art, both intellectual and executive.

The excellence to which single instruments may be carried enjoys more extensive demonstration from great professors at this period than it has done till late. Upon the pianoforte we have, as concerto players, Messrs. J. B. Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Ries, Neate, Beale, and Cipriani Potter. On the harp, M. Bochesa, Miss Sharp, and lately a Miss Fontaine, and Mrs. Spohr. On the flute, Mr. Nicholson. On the violin, Mr. Spohr and Mr. Mori. On the violoncello, the inimitable Mr. Lindley. London never enjoyed such a galaxy of concerto players. This is another powerful proof of the encouragement instrumental performance receives.

Thus through all its branches there appears to be a general love and cultivation of the art gradually diffusing amongst the population of England, and its universal influence even the increasing bands of street musicians, who are now found both to sing and play in concert, especially serve to demonstrate. From what we have observed of these musicians itinerant, we are apt to think a large sum is daily contributed by the middle, and even the poorest classes of the industrious, to their enjoyment of the gratifications of music. The predominating taste is, however, decidedly leaving English for German and Italian compositions. We have been present this season at one benefit concert, in which not a single English piece was performed. Our native composers will, we hope, rouse themselves for the honour of the English minstrelsy; for while their country gives such manifestations of the desire to reward merit, it would indeed be not less dishonourable than lamentable, were the prize borne away by men of foreign lands. To this end, however, genius must address itself to the loftiest objects of the art.

TURIN.—A new opera, *La Calpa del Cuore*, by Signor Cortesi, would have already been brought out at the Teatro Regio, but for the indisposition of the tenor, Signor Vicentelli. It is hoped that its production is not postponed for long. The management announce, also, a new ballet, *Shakespeare*.—The managers of all the theatres here, excepting the Regio and the Carignano, which belong to the Corporation have collectively petitioned Parliament to lighten the taxes and imposts to which theatrical enterprise is subjected, and which, the managers affirm, are both oppressive and unjust.

* We are tempted to ask why should not the prejudice against ladies playing the violin be overcome? It seems to us to be an instrument peculiarly adapted to their industry, delicacy, and precision; while what we have seen and heard of female violin playing fully bears out the recommendation we feel disposed to give to its adoption.

† At the Chapel in Warwick Street there are two galleries, to one of which a shilling, and to the other sixpence, is regularly demanded for admission.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Concluded from page 103.)

Where Dumas erred and fell behind was in pushing to excess the falling with which Byron reproached Scott—

"Let others spin their meagre brains for hire,
Enough for genius if itself inspire."

He could not resist the temptation of making hay whilst the sun shone—of using his popularity as if, like the purse of Fortunatus, it had been inexhaustible—of overtasking his powers till, like the over-taxed elephant, they proved unequal to the call. There was a period, near the end of his life, when Theodore Hook, besides editing a newspaper and a magazine, was (to use his own expression) driving three novels or stories abreast—in other words, contemporaneously composing them. Dumas boasts of having engaged for five at once; and the tradesmanlike manner in which he made his bargains was remarkable. "M. Véron (the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*) came to me and said: 'We are ruined if we do not publish, within eight days, an amusing, sparkling, interesting romance.' " "You require a volume: that is 6000 lines, that is 135 pages of my writing. Here is paper; number and *paraphes* 135 pages."

Succa for non-performance of contract, and pleading his own cause, he magniloquently apostrophised the Court. "The Academicians are forty. Let them contract to supply you with eighty volumes in a year: they will make you bankrupt! Alone I have done what never man did before, nor ever will do again." We need hardly add that the stipulated work was imperfectly and unequally done—

"Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt mala plura."

Du Halde is said to have composed his *Description Géographique et Historique de China* without quitting Paris, and Dumas certainly wrote *Quinze Jours au Sinai* and *De Paris à Astracan*, without once setting foot in Asia. But most of his *Impressions de Voyage*, in France, Italy, Spain, &c., were the results of actual travel; and his expedition to Algeria in a Government steamer, with a literary mission from the Government, gave rise to an animated debate in the Chamber of Deputies (February 10, 1847), in which he was rudely handled, till M. de Salvandy (Minister of Public Instruction) came to the rescue, and, after justifying the mission, added—"The same writer had received similar missions under administrations anterior to mine." Dumas (we are assured) meditated a challenge to M. Léon de Malleville for injurious words spoken in this debate, and requested M. Viennet, as President of the Society of Men of Letters, to act as his friend. M. Viennet, after desiring the request to be reduced to writing, wrote a formal refusal, alleging that M. Dumas, having in some sort, before the civil tribunal of the Seine, abdicated the title of man of letters to assume that of marquis, had no longer a claim on the official head of the literary republic. Hereupon the meditated challenge was given up. The representation of *Les Mohicans de Paris*, a popular drama brought out by Dumas in 1864, having been prohibited by the Censorship, he addressed and printed a spirited remonstrance to the Emperor:—

"Sire,—There were in 1830, and there are still, three men at the head of French literature. These three men are Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and myself.

"Victor Hugo is proscribed; Lamartine is ruined. People cannot proscribe me like Hugo; there is nothing in my life, in my writings, or in my words, for proscription to fasten on. But they can ruin me like Lamartine; and in fact they are ruining me.

"I know not what ill-will animates the Censorship against me. I have written and published twelve hundred volumes. It is not for me to appreciate them in a literary point of view. Translated into all languages, they have been as far as steam could carry them. Although I am the least worthy of the three, these volumes have made me, in the five parts of the world, the most popular of the three; perhaps because one is a thinker, the other a dreamer, and I am but a vulgariser (*vulgarisateur*).

"Of these twelve hundred volumes, there is not one which may not be given to read to a workman of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the most republican, or to a young girl of the Faubourg St. Germain, the most modest, of all our faubourgs."

His politics were never incendiary or dangerous in any way. They were always those of a moderate Republican, and he consistently adhered to them. His best romances rarely transgress against propriety, and are entirely free from that hard, cold, sceptical, materialist, illusion-destroying tone, which is so repelling in Balzac and many others of the most popular French novelists. But Dumas must have formed a strange notion of the young ladies of the noble Faubourg to suppose that they could sit out a representation of *Antony* or *Angèle* without a blush. After recapitulating the misdeeds of the Imperial Censorship, and the enormous losses he had sustained, he concludes:—

"I appeal, then, for the first time, and probably for the last, to the prince whose hand I had the honour to clasp at Arenenberg, at Ham, and at the

Elysée, and who, having found me in the character of proselyte on the road of exile and on that of the prison, has never found me in the character of petitioner on the road of the Empire."

The Emperor, who never turned a deaf ear on a proselyte or companion on either road, immediately caused the prohibition to be withdrawn. Amongst the many strange episodes of Dumas' adventurous and erratic career was his connection with Garibaldi, who made him Director of the Museum at Naples during the interregnum. The illness which ended with his death, brought on a complete paralysis of all his faculties, and he died towards the close of 1870, happily insensible to the hourly increasing disasters and humiliations of his country.

Occurring at a less anxious and occupied period, his death would have been commemorated as one of the leading events of the year, and it would hardly have been left to a foreign journal to pay the first earnest tribute to his memory. Take him for all in all, he richly merits a niche in the Temple of Fame; and what writer does not who has been unceasingly before the public for nearly half a century without once forfeiting his popularity? whose multifarious productions have been equally and constantly in request in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Calcutta, Sydney, and New York. Think of the amount of amusement and information he has diffused, the weary hours he has helped to while away, the despondency he has lightened, the sick-beds he has relieved, the gay fancies, the humorous associations, the inspiring thoughts we owe to him. To lie on a sofa and read eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crebillon, was the *beau idéal*, the day dream, of Gray, one of the finest and most fastidious minds of the eighteenth century; and what is there of Marivaux or Crebillon to compete in attractiveness with the wondrous fortunes of a Monte Christo or the chivalrous adventures of a D'Artagnan?

A title to fame, like a chain of proofs, may be cumulative. It may rest on the multiplicity and universality of production and capacity. Voltaire, for example, who symbolizes an age, produced no one work in poetry or prose that approximates to first rate in its kind, if we except *Candide* and *Zadig*; and their kind is not the first. Dumas must be judged by the same standard; as one who was at everything in the ring, whose foot was ever in the stirrup, whose lance was ever in the rest, who infused new life into the acting drama, indefinitely extended the domain of fiction, and (in his *Impressions de Voyage*) invented a new literature of the road. So judged—as he will be, when French criticism shall raise its drooping head and have time to look about it—he will certainly take rank as one of the three or four most popular, influential, and gifted writers that the France of the nineteenth century has produced.

ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am seldom troubled with the *cacoethes scribendi*, but, in courtesy, I am bound to send a few words respecting your correspondent, G. T., whose bump of self-esteem must be largely developed, as he amiably states, having often "condescended to correct the English of such gentlemen." I have heard charity should begin at home; or has he the fatuity to believe, that he, is a classic writer? I think he is more *au fait* with the Billingsgate vocabulary he mentions. As I do not possess one I cannot refer to it. I repeat—his statement implied that sixteen hundred were assembled at Exeter Hall on that occasion. I impugned neither their capabilities nor respectability; only such a number for the most part practised singers at a first rehearsal of a new formed choir, was such a "thumper" as to disturb my equanimity. My knowledge of the Hall enables me to judge pretty correctly the numbers without counting;—the tergiversation about the number who have joined, or may join, I never alluded to. *Mais, c'est assez, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*; therefore adieu, adieu. Apologizing, Mr. Editor, for troubling you with such a bagatelle,—I am respectfully yours,

ONE OF THE N. C. SOCIETY.

P.S.—Perhaps on some future occasion, we—I beg pardon, I—will endeavour to send something worthy your acceptance.

MILAN.—Far from falling off in its attractive powers, *Aida* appears to be an example of the "*vires acquirit eundo*" principle. The fourth, fifth, and six representations were even greater triumphs than the preceding ones. Many pieces which passed unnoticed the first night or two, afterwards received their full share of applause. The artists, Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Faccelli, Pandolfini, and Maini, gave great satisfaction.—A French operatic company, under the management of MM. Terris and Coste, has opened at the Teatro S. Radeconda with M. Offenbach's *Briganda*. MM. Terris and Coste have engaged Mme. Dejazet, who is announced to appear shortly in some of her most popular parts.

CAN NEW YORK SUPPORT OPERA?

(From the "New York Herald.")

An emphatic response has been given to this question during the present season, not only in the case of the Nilsson engagement, but also in relation to the Parepa-Rosa English opera, the Wachtel and Fabbri German opera companies, and Aimée's *opéra bouffe*. Madame Rosa, by bringing the best English opera elements that could be obtained in America or Europe before the metropolitan public, had a three weeks' season of unexampled prosperity at the Academy, while the genius of Wachtel drew crowded houses to the unsavory Stadt Theatre, for thirty nights. Nilsson and Capoul succeeded by their talents alone in placing in the treasury of the Italian opera one hundred and sixty thousand dollars during a season of forty performances, notwithstanding the poor support they received from the company and management. Aimée undertook to revive the faded glories of *opéra bouffe*, at the ill-starred Lina Edwin's Theatre, and has been rewarded for her pluck and energy by the liberal patronage of the public. These facts will tell whether opera can be supported in this city if there is real, first class talent in the company. As for Italian opera, which ranks first in the lyric drama, we presented last week a review of the past season, and of the career of opera in New York and London for the past twenty years. It will be seen from this sketch that the most essential article required for Italian opera is a competent, experienced and trustworthy manager, who can handle its multifarious and delicate details with discretion and firmness. The repeated failures of troupes here and in London cannot be charged upon the public nor the artists, but rather on the incompetency or the unreliability of the managers.

The operatic prospects for the spring are very bright in an artistic point of view. The Academy of Music will be occupied next month by the Parepa-Rosa English opera troupe, now strengthened by the famous baritone, Santley, who will appear in the operas of *Zampa* and *Fra Diavolo*. Mlle. Nilsson will then give a farewell season, during which the long promised opera of *Hamlet* will be brought out for the first time. At Easter, another short season of Italian opera will be given—the principal artists being Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Herr Wachtel and Mr. Santley. The musical season of 1871-72 will have a brilliant conclusion in the World's Peace Jubilee of Gilmore in Boston.

A LETTER FROM MEYERBEER.

Having, in 1845, been honoured with a commission from one of the largest publishing houses in Germany to write a Biography of my friend the great composer, Meyerbeer, I collected and compiled numerous data for that purpose. But on writing to him to obtain his assent, I received the following reply, which will speak for itself, both as regards his views on the subject of biography, and his great modesty.

"TO DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

"Paris, Jan. 14, 1846.

"MOST HONOURED SIR,—I hope you will not consider the time I have allowed to elapse before answering your flattering letter as a token of any indifference on my part towards your proposal for writing my biography. On the contrary, for that proposal I beg to tender you my most sincere thanks. My stay in Paris was unexpectedly prolonged. It was my intention to return to Berlin some time ago, and on my way home, to pay a visit in person at Cologne, in order to have a long conversation with you. In spite of your endeavours to remove beforehand any scruples I may have in accepting your offer, I feel indeed sorry to tell you, as a dear friend, the truth that I cannot resolve to accede to your wishes. I must candidly confess that it would be much against my inclination to write down the events of my life, or explanatory notes upon my compositions, upon the ground of a firm belief that no one can judge of himself without impartiality or exaggeration, that no one can paint his own character and actions without lapsing into self-conceit. Although the path of truth may not be absolutely left, yet it is inevitable, that that which is beautiful will receive still more brilliant colours, that that which is dark will be still more deepened. So you will see, my dear and honoured friend, that, in spite of your open-hearted motives and powers of persuasion, I must reluctantly decline to further your wishes, at the same time assuring you that I should have considered it a great honour to be judged by a gentleman of your profound artistic knowledge.

Permit me once more to express my heartiest thanks, and to ask pardon for my little caprice. In the hope of seeing you again soon, receive the assurance of my distinguished estimation.—Yours obediently,

MEYERBEER.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES, Cologne on the Rhine.

PAULINE LUCCA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The following very original and sensational letter was addressed, some time since, to the editor of a well-known Berlin paper:—

To the Editor of the "Staatsbürger Zeitung."
(Jan. 5th, 1872.)

SIR,—For six years have I been a Russian citizen settled in St. Petersburg, but I never experienced here anything like the mad goings-on during the starring engagement of M^{me}. Lucca. That an Imperial carriage was sent to meet her; that tip-top aristocrats paid as much as fifty imperials for a single ticket; that the Emperor pressed her hand most graciously behind the scenes, and invited her to supper; that certain high Government officials mounted as far as the gallery, which we Berliners (I am a townsman of yours, you must know) call the amphitheatre, because they could not obtain, even by paying a whole year's salary, a place in keeping with their rank; that a Russian Count gave a thousand roubles for permission to stand behind the scenes; all these are facts which you have most probably learnt from the papers; for the little puss from the Victoria Strasse has quite turned the heads of the newspaper tribe as well as those of everyone else in St. Petersburg. When Adelina Patti was starring it here, I thought that the house by the Neva (which you would call the New Charité, on the banks of the Spree), would have to be increased by the addition of a whole quarter of the town; but Adelina is completely distanced by Pauline. I will merely tell you something about M^{me}. Lucca's last appearance, when, you must know, she sang the part of Mignon. As for my obtaining a ticket in the regular way, the thing was entirely out of the question. What did I do?—I wrote to M^{me}. Lucca informing her that I was a Berliner settled here; that I should like to hear her at least once in my life; and that I wished to know whether, in exchange for money and fair words, I could not, through her mediation, procure a ticket. Who drove up to my house two hours afterwards, do you think? Her maid, with an autograph letter from M^{me}. Lucca herself, and in the letter was a ticket—but for nothing—and she wrote to tell me she was always pleased to meet with a Berliner so far from Berlin. People here have offered me money for the letter, but I would not sell it for—well, I have locked it up for the present, and, if things should ever go wrong with me, I shall exhibit it at so much a head. But now, about what took place in the theatre. M^{me}. Lucca was called on *forty-eight* times, for I counted them myself—some of the newspaper writers here assert that they actually counted fifty-three times—she was obliged to repeat every vocal number three and even four times; bouquets, studded with diamonds, and as large as watch-wheels, flew through the air; hats and handkerchiefs were waved—there, as I have said, it was a regular mad-house; everyone was cracked, myself included; in fact, I think I was rather more crazy than the rest; when she opens her mouth, you feel all-overish, so to say. At the conclusion of the opera, I immediately ran out of the door through which the operatic artists pass when they go home. M^{me}. Lucca's carriage was already there, but the footman had all the trouble in the world to keep a clear passage from the building to the steps of the vehicle. At last she came! "Hats off" cried some one in French, but he had no need to do so. She nodded right and left, and was about to get into her carriage at once. Not a bit of it. A gentleman in a large fur coat, barred her way, and said: "Madame, before you drive off, allow me to address a few words to you." She replied: "If you will get into the carriage with me, I will listen to you with pleasure, but you cannot wish me to stand here up to my ancles in mud" (there had been a thaw, and, at such times, all the streets of St. Petersburg are just like what your Chesnut Avenue is). The gentleman opened the door of the carriage, assisted M^{me}. Lucca and her maid to get in, and then continued: "Madame, a genius sits enthroned upon your brow." M^{me}. Lucca passed her handkerchief archly over her forehead, as if to wipe the genius off. The gentleman in the furs then went on: "You have enchanted us. Make us a promise to come and perform here next year." At this, the little *prima donna* laughed aloud, and replied: "Do you believe honoured advocate, that Herr von Hülsen flings his leaves-of-absence about broadcast, in that fashion? He never gives leave of absence, unless legally bound to do so, and, indeed, would be delighted,

were I never to step over the Berlin frontier." The gentleman cocked his chin in the air, and said: "You are the supreme queen of opera"—He was about to proceed when M^{me}. Lucca cut him short with these very words: "Aye, that's the bother! I must beg you to let me go, for I should not like returning to Berlin with a cold in the head. Ah—scha! There, you see, it's beginning already. If it last a week or so, the gentlemen of the Berlin press will pull me to pieces in a pretty fashion, and it will be all your fault, my dear sir. Drive on coachman." And off galloped the horses to the Hôtel Demuth. The evening previous to her departure, the officers sent the military bands to serenade her. The national hymns of Russia and Prussia were played alternately, while a crowd of Petersburgers, packed as close as herrings, stood in front of the Hôtel Demuth. I suppose M^{me}. Lucca is again singing among you, eh?—The above is the narrative of an eye-witness. I send it to you in preference to anyone else, because the *Staatsbürger Zeitung*, which is frequently marked with a black line now by the Censorship, is read in several establishments, and I should be much pleased at seeing my letter printed in it."—[This wish is gratified. We can assert authoritatively that the projected professional visit to the United States of North America will not be carried out for two or three years. Probably M^{me}. Lucca sees before her mind's eye Catalani, who earned two million of dollars by her shakes and quavers among the Yankees. Meanwhile, it would be satisfactory were M^{me}. Lucca, as first lady chamber-singer of the German Emperor, to show herself a little more at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, which she treats rather too much like a stepmother.—Ed.—*Staatsbürger Zeitung*.]

MY OLD RED VIOLIN.

When the grey light fades away,
When the wood-flames laugh and leap,
When the kitten stops her play,
When the babies are asleep—
Then I hie with happy tread
To a treasured nook within,
And from out its silken bed
Lift my old red violin.

Italy its birthplace fair;
Quaintly carved this monkish face—
Wrought with silver tendrils there,
Here embossed with Flemish lace;
Brown and black and yellow bend
Round the classic hooded head;
And the graceful ovals bend,
Steeped in sunshine rich and red.

Grand old palaces it knew;
Thrilled their royal, jewelled throngs;
Touched by wondrous bards, who threw
All their sweet souls in its songs.

Slow and reverently I
Wake its sleeping pulse to life;
Make it sob and laugh and sigh
Only for my winsome wife.

Shall I tell you how I found
Blithesome Bessie Loverin?
Simply by the wealth of sound
Of my old red violin;
She sang sweet in Bethel choir;
I played tender "Golden Hill;"
Rose the mournful strain, yet higher,
When, lo! every voice was still.

Throbbing to no mortal pain,
Wailed the weird, reverberate string:
Waited all the church in vain,
Bessie wept and could not sing.
Blessed power that day was mine,
Pearl of pearls my bliss to win;
So I hold one gift divine
Through my old red violin.

—Harper's Weekly.

NAPLES.—Signor Petrella's new opera, *Manfredo*, with Signora Krauss Signori Aldighieri and Barbacini, in the principal characters, is to be produced at the San Carlo about the middle of this month.

ELI AT DUNDEE.

The performance of Sir Michael Costa's first oratorio at the Dundee Musical Festival, under its composer's personal direction, has naturally much exercised the local critics. He of the *Courier* says—

"When Sir Michael Costa appeared, the audience warmly testified the pleasure they experienced in meeting one of whom fame had spoken so loudly and so well. As one whom the Queen had delighted to honour, Sir Michael could do no less than to commence with the National Anthem, and accordingly a striking and effective arrangement of his own was sung, after which, the great work of the evening was proceeded with. After a cursory examination of the vocal score and listening to one complete representation, it would be rash for any one to attempt to assign to *Eli* its exact relative position among the masterpieces of sacred music. Even were this possible under the circumstances, it were unnecessary, as Dundee has not yet become so musically eminent as to entitle its dictum to any weight. These considerations, coupled with the mutations which take place in taste as in everything human, do not enable us to predict with absolute certainty whether the work will live 30 years or 300.

"The solos were entrusted to Mdlle. Carola, soprano; Miss Enriquez, contralto; Mr. Vernon Rigby, tenor; Mr. Lewis Thomas, bass. And the event proved that a more judicious selection could not well have been made.

"We believe this is Mdlle. Carola's first visit to Dundee, and we sincerely trust it will not be the last by many. Of Miss Enriquez we retain pleasant recollections, derived from her visit to this town with the great Mario, and we are glad to say that the good impressions then formed have now been deepened.

"Mr. Vernon Rigby comes to us for the first time with a high reputation. Enough was done to justify the esteem in which he is held, and we shall look forward with interest to his future appearances this week. Mr. Lewis Thomas is an established favourite here, and he seems to improve upon every appearance. His representation of the part of *Eli* was all that could be wished for. Dignified and solemn as is the priest of God exercising the functions of his high office, and anon deeply pathetic as the broken-hearted old man, worn out by misfortunes, domestic and national. The agonised anguish and horror of his cry 'The ark—the ark—the ark of God' was beyond criticism. The chorus work was gone through without a flaw, and was remarkable for delicacy, force, and variety of expression, a result, no doubt, partly due to the masterly control of Sir Michael Costa. We are sure Sir Michael must be highly pleased with the earnest, painstaking, complete and efficient manner in which Mr. Nagel and his chorus have got up *Eli*, and it speaks volumes in the latter gentleman's favour that a conductor so eminent and so particular in taking over his chorus should find so little to do."

The following we take from the *Advertiser*:—

"Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard for the first time in Dundee. Nothing better could there be than his singing in the duet, 'Wherefore is thy soul cast down?' and in the trio, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.' As there is no tenor air in the oratorio, these were his principal efforts, in which, and in the recitatives, he invariably made the most of his music by avoiding all personal display. Mr. Thomas was, of course, *Eli*; the music of which he did ample justice to. He finished everything he touched with the ease and grace of an experienced vocalist. His last air, 'Although my home be not with God,' was remarkable for feeling. Mr. W. H. Richmond presided at the organ—supporting the weightier choruses. He did the work most satisfactorily. Sir Michael Costa, as a conductor, has long ago earned his fame. No words of ours, therefore, on his management of this performance of his own oratorio are needed. On ascending the platform, Sir Michael received a warm reception from audience and chorus; and, after the conclusion of the first part of the oratorio, the Rev. Dr. Watson made the following remarks:—

"As a member of the Choral Union, I beg to express, in the name of the Committee, and in your name, our sense of the value of Sir Michael Costa's visit to Dundee. I don't speak of the merits of *Eli*, of its conception or its execution. To those of you whose taste in music has been cultivated, the performance this evening is conveying a pleasure all its own. As for those of us, whose only privilege is to resign ourselves to its influence, the performance has helped us to see not only that all true art in music, as in the sister arts of painting and poetry, touches the deepest feelings and passions of our nature, but helps us also to perceive the feelings of human nature everywhere. It is not of the work that I speak, but of its composer; and I think it due to Sir Michael Costa to remind you that we owe his visit at this time to his enthusiasm for his art, and to the kindness and generosity of his nature. Other inducement to visit Dundee he had none, except perhaps, the sight of a kindred disinterestedness and enthusiasm in the conductor of the Choral Union, Mr. Nagel. When he leaves Dundee, the only return he takes with him is a hope, and, I trust, a well-grounded hope, that he has helped us in the love of all that is true and pure and beautiful in that noble science which he has done so much to adorn, and in which he is so prominent a master. I now simply beg to ask you to give expression to your thanks to Sir Michael Costa.' The response to this was made in quite a storm of applause from all parts of the hall. Sir Michael bowed in acknowledgment."

HERR JOACHIM.

The return of Madame Schumann has been followed by that of Herr Joseph Joachim; and Mr. Chappell's concerts are now at their zenith. Herr Joachim is playing his very best—that is to say, as no violinist but himself can play. His tone, broad and grand, his unerring mechanism, his deep and varied expression, his finished and classical style are no less apparent than in former years. By "classical," we mean a style of playing which shows the exclusive aim to be a strict interpretation of the composer's ideas, accompanied by an utter abnegation of self on the part of the player—the only sense which can appropriately be attached to the word. When Herr Joachim is engaged with Haydn or Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn, he makes us think, not of Herr Joachim, but of the master whose work he is doing his best to let his hearers understand and appreciate; and herein, despite his astonishing command of the instrument of which he is the unrivalled living master, lies the irresistible, and, to many, indefinable charm of his performances. That this distinguishing peculiarity in Herr Joachim has been insisted upon before now we admit; but it cannot be too often referred to inasmuch as it brings with it a salutary lesson in these times of rampant "virtuosity"—an apt term, by the way, for egotistical exhibition. That the most gifted executant of his day should also be the most modest and self-denying is a remarkable fact, and one encouraging to dwell upon. Herr Joachim stands at the head of a school which just now boasts fewer disciples than might be wished; and his rare example is, therefore to be the more prized. At the same time, it must not be concluded from the foregoing remarks that he is himself no *virtuoso*; on the contrary, he is a *virtuoso* of the first rank, as is made evident when he plays his own concertos, pieces—instance the "F sharp minor Concerto" and the "Hungarian"—of such extraordinary difficulty that very few besides himself can attempt them with any hope of success. But it is to the reverential manner in which he has so long been accustomed to deal with the imperishable works of the composers we have named, as well as others of high if not equal eminence, that Herr Joachim is indebted for the position universally accorded to him, at the summit of his profession.

Since Herr Joachim's arrival, the week before last, we have had Beethoven's "Rasoumoffsky" quartet in C major—with the glorious fabled *finale*; second quintet, also in C major—with the famous "storm movement" (so called by almost every one, the composer excepted); Mendelssohn's second quintet, in B flat ("posthumous"), always interesting at St. James's Hall, as the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert (February 14, 1859); the fourth and best of Beethoven's trios for stringed instruments—the one in C minor; and a quartet in B flat, by Haydn, equal in its manner to any of the pieces previously cited. All these, thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, now too well-known to need description, were led by Herr Joachim in magnificent style, and supported as he was by Signor Piatti, the "incomparable violoncellist," as he has been often and truly styled; Herr L. Ries, second violin; and Herr Straus, viola (Mr. Zerbini being second viola in the quintets), created an impression that may be easily imagined. In fact, Herr Joachim has never been more, himself, never more the violinist of his day, never more the faithful, ardent, and best of all, wholly undemonstrative interpreter of the music of the masters of masters. That he was enthusiastically welcomed on the occasion of his first appearance will be as readily believed as that all his subsequent performances have been heard with unequivocal delight.

FLORENCE.—A grand concert was given lately in the Philharmonic Rooms, by Mr. T. H. Wright, harpist, from London, who was assisted by Signori Lorenzi, Montanaro, Kellen, and Signora Bors. Mr. Wright was most warmly applauded, and the concert proved, in every respect, a success.

LEIPZIG.—The principal feature at the concert for the benefit of the Orchestra-Pension Fund was Herr Lachner's *Sixth Suite*. It consists of four movements: Introduction and Fugue, Andantino, Gavotte, and Finale. It was well received, especially the Gavotte. M. Anton Rubinstein's character picture, *Don Quixote*, was less fortunate. The number of its admirers was not legion. Mdlle. Erika Lie played a Pianoforte Concerto by her countryman, M. E. Grieg, but the public did not like the Pianoforte Concerto any more than they liked the character-picture. However, the young lady was recompensed for the absence of applause at her rendering of this piece by the manifestations of approbation bestowed on her performance of Chopin's Nocturne in D flat minor, and Ballad in G minor. Herr Gura, of the Stadttheater, sang a recitative and aria from *Faust*, and songs by Löwe, Franz, and Hauptmann.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE LAST THREE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE FOLLOWING DAYS:

SATURDAYS, MARCH 9, 16, AND FRIDAY, MARCH 22,

At the request of numerous Subscribers who wish to be present at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which takes place on Saturday, March 23d.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1872.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.—
 MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
 REGATA VENEZIANA, Tre Canzone—Madame CONNEAU (for
 whom they were expressly composed) Rossini.
 CAPRICCIO, in E major, Op. 33, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone—Mr.
 CHARLES HALLÉ Mendelssohn.
 SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment.—
 (repeated by desire) Herr JOACHIM Handel.
 SONG—Madame CONNEAU Schuett.
 TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.
 —Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI Beethoven.
 Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11th, 1872.

Programme.

PART I.
 DOUBLE QUARTET, in E minor, for four violins, two violas, and
 two violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, POLLITZER, LUDWIG, Spohr.
 STRAUS, ZERBINI, DAUBERT, and PIATTI Pergolesi.
 SICILIENNE, "Ogni pena più spetata."—Mlle. ANNA REGAN Beethoven.
 SONATA, in E flat, Op. 29, for pianoforte alone.—Mr. CHAS. HALLÉ
 PART II.
 CONCERTO, in D minor, for two violins, with Double Quartet
 Accompaniment.—Herr JOACHIM and Mons. SAINTON (accom-
 panied by MM. L. RIES, POLLITZER, LUDWIG, ZERBINI, STRAUS,
 DAUBERT, and PIATTI) Bach.
 SONG, "Busslied."—Mlle. ANNA REGAN Beethoven.
 SONATA, in E flat, Op. 12, for pianoforte and violin.—Mr. CHARLES
 HALLÉ and Herr JOACHIM Beethoven.
 Conductor Sir JULES BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

TWENTIETH SATURDAY CONCERT, MARCH 9th, 1872.

PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "The Alchemist"—(First time of performance at these
 Concerts) Spohr.
 RECIT., "Ecco il punto," and ARIA, "Non più di fiori" (*La*
Clemenza di Tito)—Miss SOPHIE LOWE Mozart.
 SONGS, a. "Geheimes," b. "Greisengsang"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN Schubert.
 CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA in D (Op.
 15) First time in England—Miss BAGLEHOLE (of the Royal
 Academy of Music), her first appearance Johannes Brahms.
 ARIA, "Dall' asilo della pace"—Miss CATHERINA PENNA, her first
 appearance Costa.
 SYMPHONY in D (No. 7) Haydn.
 DUET, "Armida"—Miss SOPHIE LOWE and Herr STOCKHAUSEN Gluck.
 AIR, "O bid your faithful Ariel fly"—Miss CATHERINA PENNA Linley.
 OVERTURE, "Masaniello" Auber.
 Conductor Mr. MANN.

MARRIAGE.

On the 28th ult., at the Registrar's Office first, and afterwards at the
 Chapel of our Lady, in Grove Road, GRACE EMMA MARIA, daughter of
 Lieut.-Col. ADDISON, to HUBERT LIESENS, Sub-Lieutenant, Belgian army.
 No cards.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H. R.—Our correspondent has not been misinformed, Mr. W. H.
 Holmes (one of the early students, by the way, in our Royal Academy
 of Music) is a pianist of the very highest class. All music, ancient and
 modern, comes easily within his grasp. He is not merely a master of
 execution, but also a master of style; and we are not sorry that the
 inquiring letter of our correspondent should have afforded us an
 opportunity of stating, without reserve, our sincere opinion. Mr. W.
 H. Holmes, however, has one terrible drawback;—he was born and
 educated in England! This is, of course, unpardonable.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.
 DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
 Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements
 may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

MR. MAPLESON'S PROSPECTUS.

THE significance of the operatic prospectus cannot be
 said to have diminished of late years. It has only
 changed. There was a time when that document revealed,
 with somewhat of fulness and truth, the purpose of the
 manager; when it gave the public a prevision of the future,
 and encouraged expectations on more or less good grounds.
 Now, the operatic prospectus acts the part of Will-o'-the-
 Wisp; leading those who trust it into the bog of disap-
 pointment, and serving as an indication of what may not,
 rather than what may, be looked for. So manifest is this
 change that even managers perceive it, and show a profound
 distrust of their own proclamations by saying as little as
 possible in the least positive form. Mayhap this is the
 beginning of a movement on the back-track towards the
 "Eternal Verities." Let us hope so.

Mr. Mapleson's prospectus of the season, announced to
 begin in Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday, April 6th,
 is one of the reticent order. It contains little that
 can fairly be looked upon as puffery, makes no rash
 promises, and wastes no words. In truth it is just
 such a plain business-like document as suits a matter-
 of-fact public. We cannot, therefore, find in it the
 text for a long expository statement; and a few remarks
 will exhaust its interest. Our readers, being musical people,
 necessarily have a desire to know, first, what is to be done,
 rather than who is to do it. With them the opera can
 hardly be a pretty *prima donna*, or an *ut de poitrine*, and
 we shall consult their tastes by giving precedence to the
 works Mr. Mapleson promises. But in the absolutely first
 instance, let it be noted that the paragraph which has lately
 flown through the press, concerning Verdi's Egyptian opera,
Aida, was simply a *canard*. The prospectus says nothing
 whatever about *Aida*, and indeed, the rumour of its intended
 presentation was authoritatively denied by the French musical
 journals of last week. Mr. Mapleson may at one time have
 desired to give it, but we note a feature in his prospectus
 which would fully explain subsequent indifference even
 as regards so great a novelty. Dismissing Verdi's opera,
 what have we actually set down? Cherubini's *Les Deux*
Journées, in the first place; after which come Auber's
Les Diamants de la Couronne and Thomas's *Mignon*. The
 rest is made up of our old acquaintances, *La Traviata*,
Faust, *La Figlia*, &c., &c. "A barren scheme," some may
 exclaim; but, remembering the barrenness of past schemes,
 others may not rashly condemn. Should Mr. Mapleson
 produce the comic masterpiece of Cherubini, and Auber's
 brilliant work, he will distinguish his season above many,
 and gladden the hearts of all who love good music. Of
 course, as prospectuses go—and they are prone to go far in
 promise—two *quasi*-novelties make a poor show. But Mr.
 Mapleson might safely have ignored novelties entirely, for a
 reason which appears in the forefront of his announcement.
 Mlle. Christine Nilsson is coming back to the scene of her
 triumphs; and Mlle. Christine Nilsson will be the Alpha
 and Omega of the season. There is no mistake at all about
 it. Mlle. Marimon may warble her best—and that
 best is very good indeed; Mlle. Tietjens may show a vocal
 and dramatic genius which, as a combination, is matchless;
 and the less known people may do all that in them lies; but
 Her Majesty's Opera will be "rounded" with Mlle.

Nilsson. It is well that so great a favourite is also a great artist—a conjunction by no means inevitable, as students of operatic history know. The result may, therefore, be contemplated with equanimity from the standpoint of art; and with pleasure by all those disposed to rejoice in managerial good luck. After Mdle. Nilsson come—*longo intervallo*, no doubt—Mdle. Carlotta Grossi and Mdle. Marie Roza; who have as male companions in their candidature for English favour, Signor Rota, from St. Petersburg, and Signor Meo, from Moscow. All the other names in the prospectus are familiar. Sir Michael Costa again takes the orchestra and chorus in hand, with M. Sainton as *chef d'attaque*; so that whatever else may fail, we are sure of an effective *ensemble*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE have received, from our correspondent at St. Petersburg, the following telegram, *à propos* of Madame Adelina Patti's benefit and last appearance for the season:—

“*Soirée éblouissante, hier—bénéfice Adelina Patti—bouquets et corbeilles—fleurs de toute beauté—et cadeau des abonnés—un énorme papillon en diamants, valeur 80,000 francs.*”

Our correspondent does not state what opera was selected by Madame Patti for this interesting occasion. We shall, however, have further news in time.

It is a “far cry” from London to Edinbro’, and tales which start from the one naturally gain much before they reach the other. M. Gounod, it is well known, has been indisposed of late, but not so as to warrant alarm on the part of his many friends and admirers. This is how the Edinbro’ *Courant* puts the case, nevertheless:—

“The famous composer, M. Gounod, is at present in a lunatic asylum. It is not exactly madness which has seized him, but a species of hysteria caused by nervous irritation, from the long tension of his nerves. This is the second or third time he has been afflicted in the same manner.”

Will the *Courant* be surprised to learn that its news is—bosh?

WE take the subjoined from *Watson's* (New York) *Art Journal*:—

“We have received an official announcement of a fact, which indicates the immediate future of the Academy of Music. The announcement is to the effect that Mr. Max Maretzek is to be the director of the affairs of the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music for the ensuing season, commencing September, 1872; and that Mr. Henry H. Jarrett, a gentleman of long experience in the affairs of the Italian operahouses in London, now the private agent of Mdle. Nilsson, is to be the business manager of the concern. It will be a strong team; for both are men of experience and expedient, and Jarrett is accustomed to see operas produced in the highest style of art. The brilliant success of Max Strakosch's recent season has proved one thing, that the public of New York will sustain the manager who takes large risks to bring over artists worthy of their acceptance. Indeed Strakosch's success has rendered everything possible to a future shrewd and liberal management.”

Our contemporary is not far wrong in his estimate of Mr. Jarrett, who, nevertheless, can ill be spared in England, remembering, as all must remember, the eminent services he rendered to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, where, in the course of a few years, more novelty was produced and more masterpieces revived than in a quarter of a century previously.

THE Théâtre Français has once more produced *Turcaret*, generally looked upon as the *chef d'œuvre* of Lesage. This piece has been on the repertory of the Comédie Française 163 years. Written in 1708, when fortune had begun to desert Louis XIV., when Provence was invaded by Prince Eugène and the battle of Oudenarde had lost to France Lille, Ghent, and Flanders, it is a satire on the financial morality of the age. At that time the Treasury was in a pitiful condition. The Controller-General, Chamillard, had resigned his functions, and was succeeded by Desmarest, who called to his aid Samuel Bernard, one of the great financiers. Son of a member of the Academy of Painters, Bernard raised himself to the highest position in wealth and social dignity, and married his daughter to the son of President

Molé. His partisans assert that his integrity was equal to his capacity, and that instead of being the usurer and libertine that Lesage depicts him in *Turcaret*, he devoted his energies to the service of the State, and died almost penniless, having lent ten million francs to various persons, from whom he had never asked a penny in return. The piece was badly received, the Comédie Française being averse to it; but Lesage was backed by the Dauphin, and his comedy was played in 1709, during that terrible winter which decimated the population of France. The characters are all of a repulsive character, and typify, in an exaggerated degree, the demoralization at the close of Louis XIV.'s reign. *Turcaret*, Frontin, Rafle, Furet, and Flamand are thieves with a taste for debauchery, while the female characters are of an immorality that leaves nothing to be imagined. Men and women, alike devoid of honour, rob each other, to be in turn preyed upon by their own lackeys. The morality of the epoch is depicted in the last lines, when Crispin, having stolen forty thousand francs, exclaims, “M. Turcaret's reign is finished; mine commences.” The play is now preceded and followed by a prologue and an epilogue never before printed, in which the author defends himself against the charges of confounding the man of business with the *chevalier d'industrie*, and of painting vicious types of character. *Turcaret* has already ranged the Paris press into hostile parties; for while the Radical journals see an exemplification of what morality under a Monarchical form of Government always has been and will be, the Royalist prints term it a calumny, and the *Figaro* adds that “it is a comedy *à l'Anglaise* with gross and brutal embodiments, an odour as of spilt wine, and a nausea-provoking atmosphere.”

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE “Three Chamber Concerts of Modern Music,” the first of which was given on Friday evening week, at the Hanover Square Rooms, have evidently been designed with the object of bringing forward specimens of chamber music hitherto comparatively neglected or altogether unknown in this country, whether from accident, some seeming unattractiveness of form, or exceeding novelty. Thus the concert was opened with Schumann's String Quartet (Op. 41, No. 2), and closed by Gade's *suíte*, entitled *Novelletten*, for piano, violin, and violoncello; the central figure of the programme being Brahms' quartet in G minor (Op. 25). Of these pieces Schumann's quartet is the most unfamiliar. The *Novelletten* of Gade, compositions of a somewhat lighter order, abound in graceful thoughts, ingeniously treated, which will assuredly attain favour in proportion as they make themselves better known. The compositions of Brahms, public performances of which are gradually multiplying, are being studied with an interest which every one of these performances must increase. His quartet in G minor is a fine work, to the first and last movement of which—on a first hearing—we should give the preference. Other opportunities, however, of revising this judgment will inevitably be afforded. It is impossible to “ignore” a new composer so thoroughly trained. These instrumental pieces were agreeably relieved by two songs from Miss Sophie Ferrari, delivered with her accustomed refinement and beauty of tone. The instrumental exponents were Messrs. Wiener and Amor (violins), Zerbini (viola), and Daubert (violoncello); the pianist was Herr Willem Coenen—all musicians of acknowledged excellence. In the programmes of the two succeeding concerts we note the names of Rubinstein, Reinecke, and (twice again) Brahms, besides those of others with whose music we are more familiar.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The first concert of the sixth season of this society took place on Thursday, Feb. 29th, Schubert's compositions forming the first part of the programme. The concert opened with the *rondo* in B minor for piano and violin, well played by Mdle. Bondy and Herr Joseph Ludwig. Among the songs were the “Adieu,” rendered with feeling and taste by Miss Louise Crofton; the “Serenade,” sung by Signor Rocca; “The Appeal,” well sung by Miss Standish (pupil of Frank Mori), and “The Wanderer” by Mr. Desmond Ryan. Herr Schubert played a solo on the violoncello by the same composer, accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthur. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Haydn's trio in G minor, played by Mdle. Bondy, Herr Ludwig, and Herr Schubert. Miss Standish sang Gounod's “There is a green hill far away.” Mr. D. Ryan, “The yeoman's wedding song;” Miss Crofton “Linden waltz” and Herr Haase's new song, “The Prince and Princess of Wales.” Herr Oberthur's solos on the harp elicited deserved applause, as also Herr Haase's on the pianoforte, and Herr Schubert's on the violoncello. Mr. Davies amused the audience with a recitation in the course of the evening. The conductors were Mr. Mori and Herr Schubert. The concert gave evident satisfaction.

BRIXTON CHORAL SOCIETY.—A performance of the *Creation* was given by the members, under the direction of Mr. Lemare, last Monday evening, at the Angell Town Institution. The interpretation of the work was of a very satisfactory character, the soli parts being taken by Miss Katherine Poyntz, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lawler, who honourably acquitted themselves of their respective duties. The Brixton Choral Society is composed of earnest amateurs, who bring to bear an immense amount of musical enthusiasm in the execution of the choral pieces. The organ accompaniments were played with skill and exactness, and the whole performance calls for unqualified approval. A large and fashionable audience attended the concert. W. H. P.

PROVINCIAL.

NEW SWINDON.—The *Advertiser* informs us that:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by Annie Sinclair and Signor Bellini, gave a musical entertainment in this town, when the attendance was unusually large. Mrs. Macfarren's solos were greatly applauded. Miss Sinclair proved herself a vocalist of good abilities, and Signor Bellini threw considerable humour and dramatic action into his singing. It is gratifying to find that high class musical entertainments are so well attended and so generally appreciated.

MANCHESTER.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—

"On Saturday last, March 2nd, there were several interesting items in the programme of Mr. de Jong's 'Popular Concert.' Those calling for special mention are the concert-giver's own solo, entitled *Rondo Capriccio*, which was brilliantly played by him, and greatly applauded by the audience; Handel's concerto in B flat, and Mendelssohn's sonata in C minor for the organ (Mr. Frederick Bridge); a 'Descriptive fantasia,' by Lumbye, for orchestra; and the songs sung by M^{me} Martorelli Garcia. These last included Rossini's 'Una voce poco fa,' a Spanish song by Yradier, and two English ballads. M^{me} Garcia is endowed with a beautiful voice and a graceful appearance. These qualities, added to artistic cultivation, make her performances delightful."

SOUTHAMPTON.—In the *Southampton Times* we read as follows:—

"The usual weekly entertainment in connection with the Polytechnic Institution was given at the Hartley Hall, and consisted of a concert-lecture by Mrs. John Macfarren. There was a crowded attendance, many persons having to stand during the whole of the time, while accommodation was provided for a considerable number in the orchestra. The lecture part of the entertainment consisted of remarks biographical and otherwise, upon the various composers whose works were illustrated. The first was Hummel—a brilliant *rondo*, 'Prestissimo,' being very finely performed by Mrs. Macfarren. The grand *scena* from Wallace's *Lurline* was very expressively sung by Miss Harmon, and encored. A brief sketch of Beethoven formed an apposite introduction to the *Sonata Pathétique*, which was executed in Mrs. Macfarren's very best style. Miss Jessie Royd sang Sir Henry Bishop's 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' which provoked an encore. A brilliant performance of a fantasia by Brissac, 'Bonnie Scotland,' won for Mrs. Macfarren the enthusiastic approval of the audience, while her playing of Weber's 'Minuetto Capriccioso' and Brissac's 'Valse de Bravoure' was equally finished and effective. Miss Jessie Royd was encored in Macfarren's new song 'Somebody,' and Miss Harman barely escaped a similar demand in the cavatina from *The Barber of Seville*."

LIVERPOOL.—The following is abridged from the *Albion*, of 4th March:—

"The fourth of Messrs. Horsley and Thomas's piano and violin recitals was given at Messrs. Dreyer's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon. The programme comprised Sonata, A minor, Op. 23, Beethoven; Grand duet, two pianofortes, 'Hommage à Handel,' Moscheles—Mr. C. E. Horsley and Mr. A. W. Boret; Adagio and rondo, 11th violin concerto, Spohr; Mr. E. W. Thomas; trio concertante, in B minor, piano, violin, and violoncello—C. E. Horsley. Beethoven's Sonata is one of the more easily appreciated of his compositions, and Mr. Horsley and Mr. Thomas played it *con amore*. Madame Bellini Porter was very successful in her songs. Sullivan's 'Orpheus with his lute,' is an air that requires particularly delicate handling to avoid the slight inclination to undue sentimentality which pervades it. Spohr's expressive song, 'A bird sat on the alder bough,' was so well delivered as to call for an encore, and a new ballad, by Mr. Horsley, received careful execution. This air, which was composed expressly for the lady who sang it, contains much thoughtful and melodious writing. It will no doubt rank with the best of the composer's works of a similar class. The remainder of the programme contained nothing very striking except the *Trio Concertante*, also by Mr. Horsley. This, in many respects, remarkably original composition consists of four movements, of which we liked the *scherzo* best and *andante con moto* least. But it is difficult to judge of an elaborate piece such as the above on first hearing.

LIVERPOOL.—A local paper says:—

"The third subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society was given on Tuesday evening, when a large audience assembled to hear Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. The various movements of the *Requiem* were well given by the orchestra, chorus, and leading singers, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Patey. Miss E. Wynne's voice is as distinguished for clearness and power of expression as for refined style. Miss Chadwick, as far as we could judge from a quartet, has a rich mellow alto voice. Mr. Maas has a tenor organ of considerable sweetness, but somewhat deficient in strength. Mr. Patey sang his part in the quartet well, but, as we did not hear him in a solo, it is scarcely possible to speak of his voice more particularly. The 'Sanctus et Benedictus,' 'Agnus Dei,' and 'Lux Eterna,' were finely given, and the members of the chorus and orchestra showed no want of rehearsal." Sir Julius Benedict was conductor.

EDINBURGH.—We read as follows in the *Courant* of March 1st:—

"As a *souvenir* of the late Festival, nothing could be more appropriate than Professor Oakley's recital yesterday afternoon. The programme was a repetition of that performed on the 8th ult., when it preceded and shadowed forth the beauties of the coming orchestral concert, and its re-production was in every respect a most happy thought. The audience listened with marked delight to what to many present must have now become familiar sounds, and the Professor's masterly performance was greeted with loud applause. Gluck's Gavotte again secured a hearty demand for its repetition, with which Mr. Oakley kindly complied. At the close of the performance, whilst acknowledging the attention and applause of the audience, the Professor called attention to the following notice in the Museum:—'The date of the fifth annual concert of the University Musical Society is fixed for Wednesday, March 20th, on which evening it is hoped that all who take interest in our University will keep themselves disengaged and support the students concert, for which a full orchestra will be engaged.—Leader, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie; conductor, Professor Oakley (president).'"

MUSIC IN ADELAIDE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. Lyster's English Opera troupe has been the most successful ever known in Adelaide. His new *prima donna*, Miss Alice May, is pronounced by the local press to be all they expected from the criticisms which had preceded her; and Mr. Armes Beaumont's improved voice and style is the theme of the day. Under Mr. G. B. Allen's baton we have had better performances than ever before given here; and the manager has found that, by putting operas liberally on the stage, with a good company, he has met with his reward—a golden return. It is rumoured that he has netted for the six weeks' performances twelve hundred pounds—a most satisfactory result, and one that we hope will induce him to try Adelaide again ere long.

We are authorised to state that there is no truth whatever in the report that M. Gounod is seriously unwell.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*, is announced for performance by this society, at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 15th inst., under Sir Michael Costa's direction, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Patey as principal singers. This work (a selection from which was given at the Handel Festival) contains some of Handel's finest double choruses.

MR. MAPLESON advertises the opening of Her Majesty's Opera this year for April 6th, at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Gye, it is said, will precede Mr. Mapleson by a week, or more. Sir Michael Costa is still Mr. Mapleson's conductor.

AUGSBURG.—Herr von Flotow's opera, *L'Ombre*, has been produced with very great success.

VIENNA.—On the 7th inst., it was fifty years since Carl Maria von Weber himself conducted *Der Freischütz* here. In remembrance of the event, the opera in question was to be given on that day, this present year of grace, 1872, at the Imperial Operahouse, and even the smallest characters were to be sustained by leading artists.—M. Offenbach's new work, entitled: *Fantasia, oder der Narr des Herzogs*, has just been produced, under his own direction; in fact, he himself conducted the first performance. It was well received.—The Florentine Quartet, having left Herr Ullmann, have once more set up on their own account. They have just been giving concerts here with as much success as ever.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The following programme was that of the concert given on Saturday, the 24th ult. :—

Overture, *Coriolan*—Beethoven; Song, "There is a green hill" (Madame Patey)—Gounod; Air, "Tune the soft melodious lute," *Jephtha* (Madame Lemmens)—Handel; Symphony, No. 1, in A (Op. 32), MS. (first time of performance)—H. Holmes; Aria, "Della Rosa," *Bumea e Faliero* (Madame Lemmens)—Rossini; Song, "Golden days" (Madame Patey)—Sullivan; Invitation à la Valse, for orchestra, by H. Berlioz—Weber; Duet, "Giorno d'orrore," *Semiramide* (Madame Lemmens and Madame Patey)—Rossini; Overture, *Tannhäuser*—Wagner.

The first impression made by this scheme is that it falls short of customary interest. True, the start is a good one, for nothing could be better, in its way, than the prelude composed by Beethoven for Herr von Collin's tragedy. There is power in every bar of this work—power so great that it acts upon the listener with all the peculiarity of intense excitement. At the same time it has passages which, for tenderness and grace, are not often exceeded even by the genius of the most poetic of musicians. The overture, with all due respect to the works following it, was the gem of the concert. Apart from the question of merit, it was pleasant to see Mr. Henry Holmes's symphony in the programme. Mr. Holmes is a well-known native artist, and when one of his order has achieved a serious task, the opportunity should be given us of estimating the result. Of course, it does not follow that concert-managers should thus favour every aspirant for distinction. Some guarantee of merit is necessary in order to avoid waste of time and the undue encouragement of ambitious incompetence. To the honour of the Crystal Palace managers, it must be said that they are ever ready to put forward the works of such native composers as have a right to be heard; and in this lies one of their chief claims to public gratitude. Mr. Holmes's Symphony is written in A major; the first Allegro being prelude by a Maestoso after the old fashion which modern writers have generally agreed to discard. On this occasion we shall not attempt to criticise its merits. Such a work requires more than one hearing in order to avoid the risk of doing its composer an injustice. Enough for the present, that it was received with marked favour; the applause at its close being loud and long continued—especially loud when Mr. Holmes stood up in the gallery and gesticulated his thanks to Mr. Manns and the orchestra. Berlioz's orchestral version of the *Invitation à la Valse* ought never to be heard at a Saturday concert; but the *Tannhäuser* overture had a right to its place if only for the amusement it affords friends and foes—an amusement like that afforded by its composer, who is watched with as much interest by those who abuse as by those who praise him. The vocal selections gave more than usual satisfaction.

THE BOSTON INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We read the following in an influential Boston paper :—

"The International Musical Festival begins to assume form and wear a business-like aspect. Nearly all of the necessary committees have been appointed, and as these will probably soon be at work in the arrangement of preliminary details, the public will not long be kept waiting for information concerning the progress making on the Coliseum, the music to be sung, the days and hours of performance, and other matters of general interest. It is definitely determined that the Festival shall begin on the 17th of June, and end on the 4th of July. The committees are composed of gentlemen well fitted for the tasks respectively assigned to them, and as the enterprise now wears a methodical and systematic look, there seems to be no further reason—the guaranty fund being made up previous to the appointment of the committees—for foreign officials withholding their recognition of the festival."

CASSEL.—The latest novelty has been Herr von Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombre*; or, as it is entitled in Germany, and German, *Der Schatten*. COLOGNE.—Eighth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Medea*, Bargli; Piano-forte Concerto, F minor, Chopin (Mlle. Erika Lie); Concert Aria, Mendelssohn (Mlle. Mathilde Wekerlin); *Lorelei*, for Chorus, vocal Soloists, and Orchestra, Ferdinand Hiller; Prelude and Fugue, Bach (Mlle. Mathilde Wekerlin); Symphony, No. 1, D minor, Spohr. HANOVER.—The seventh Subscription Concert began with the first orchestral work Robert Schumann ever wrote, his Symphony in B flat major. Dr. Hans von Bilow played the Concerto in E flat major, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue, J. S. Bach; a composition by Chopin, and one by Liszt. He was warmly applauded. The vocalist was Mlle. Gutjahr.

CAIRO.—In consequence of some misunderstanding with Mde. Sass, Signor Bottesini has sent in his resignation as conductor at the Vice-Regal Operahouse.

PALERMO.—A new theatre, to contain three thousand spectators, is in course of construction. It is so arranged as to be capable of easy transformation into a circus.

ROMEO ET JULIETTA AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

(Extract from a private letter).

I was going to send a telegraphic despatch about the first performance of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, but this letter will reach you in time for your next number.

The opera had never been previously given at St. Petersburg. The first performance took place the day before yesterday, and was the greatest success we have had to register this season. Arditì has highly distinguished himself by the way in which he got the work up, and he conducted it in a masterly manner. The interpretation of it left nothing to be desired.

But attention was, of course, principally directed to Mde. Patti, and next to Nicolini, the two personages constituting the piece. By her acting, as well as by her singing, Mde. Patti surprised and astounded the warmest admirers of her talent and of herself individually, that is to say: the entire public. It was one continuous ovation. The audience encored the waltz with indescribable enthusiasm. Mde. Patti was tender and impassioned in the charming duets with Nicolini. The audience applauded with tears in their eyes. In fact, it was something no one could picture, unless he had seen it. By the side of such a Juliette, Nicolini really surpassed himself. He acted and sang his fine part to perfection. The last scene, that of the death of the two lovers, gave the finishing touch to the enthusiasm of the public. After this scene, Mde. Patti and Nicolini were called on fourteen times. The Emperor and the Empress, with all the Imperial Family, sent for Mde. Patti and Nicolini to their box, to be the first to compliment them. The Empress herself expressed a wish for the opera to be repeated next Wednesday, as she wished to see it again; not that it was not going to be repeated, but because another work had been announced for the day in question, and it was necessary to alter the arrangements.

P.S.—The season will finish on the 10th of March. From the 18th March to the 25th April, Mde. Patti is to give a series of twelve performances at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna. She will be assisted by the following artists: Mlle. Elena Sanz; Signori Nicolini, Achille Corsi, Graziani, Moriani, Zucchini, and Galvani. Conductor of the orchestra, Signor Arditì.

Feb. 10, 1872.

THE GREAT MASTERS OF THE QUARTET.*

Baillet says in his *Méthode du Violon*: "The quartet is a conversation among friends, communicating to one another their sensations, their sentiments, and their mutual affections."

In our opinion, this definition is eminently just. Yes; the quartet is a conversation for which we require friends accustomed to talk together frequently and intimately, and, though sometimes entertaining different views, always understanding and agreeing with each other, like the various parts of the harmony which they execute. Though continually differing, the parts constitute a whole which is perfectly just, notwithstanding passing dissonances, for these merely serve to re-establish complete consonance, to which they impart increased effect.

Listen to four persons, who do not know one another, performing a quartet. Whatever executive talent they may possess, the work will be inevitably distorted.

Let a famous virtuoso, no stranger to this description of music, make his appearance in the midst of a united little circle, habituated to its quiet cordial conversations; he will fall among its members like one of the *fâcheux* of Molière. From that moment, good-bye to the conversation; good-bye to all mutual understanding. These will be replaced by an animated discussion, of which no one understands anything, because every one is talking at random, vociferating, disputing, and seeing who shall be loudest. How right Baillet is! The Quartet is a conversation among good friends who like and understand each other. In such an intimate circle, all subjects are handled. Sometimes, it is a piece of sweet, pleasing poetry; sometimes, a pathetic drama; sometimes, also, a sublime epopee, or a simple and touching prayer; and, no matter who is the speaker, to deliver the principal phrase, to comment on it, or to indulge in any remark aside,

* From "Le Guide Musical."

there will always be perfect unity between all the persons concerned, and complete analogy with the subject.

This is what the Quartet ought to be.

Let us listen to Haydn, who gave us the substance and the form, the model which will for ever remain. What child-like simplicity, and what purity of style! As candid as an honest rustic, he prays, sings, and laughs with his naïveté; but in the fugue, he is like him, a cunning and crafty customer, mocking and deceiving you.

Haydn is the Jean-Jacques Rousseau of music; he, too, loved Nature, and a gentle, peaceful life with her; like the philosopher, it is to her that he appears to owe all his science, so easily is he understood. Baillet entertained, in consequence, a weakness for Haydn, and victoriously rehabilitated him in the minds of many who accused him, great musician as he was, of having gone out of fashion, and of having too much of the *peniwig* style about him.

With Haydn, the Quartet remained within the limits of a family conversation; chit-chat, prayers, and minuet, in the winter by the fireside, and in the summer in the garden, under the blossom-covered arbour. Then came Mozart. He laid aside the primitive character of his predecessor, becoming more mundane, and throwing increased passion into his subject.—If he laughs, it is no longer the frank, hearty joyousness of Haydn; if he weeps, it is not when immersed in prayer, but, as Desdemona weeps, like a poet whose heart is overflowing with sadness and love; and this he does from his first Quartet to his *Requiem*, the most striking of all his dramas. But, though he sang in a more dramatic style than Haydn, and though his writings smack rather of the stage than of the church, he did not enlarge the framework; he left it as it had been created, and it is in this that he approached the master.

After him, the most fertile genius that ever existed, behold Beethoven, who amplified and extended the domain of the Quartet, causing it henceforth to assume the cothurnus, which Mozart had made it do only accidentally. By the boldness and sublimity of his thoughts, Beethoven transported the Quartet to a position side-by-side with the heroes of Shakespeare, of Goethe, and of Schiller; he gave each instrument a more important part; and, from the simplest phrases, obtained effects marked by a majesty and force previously unknown. Yet, despite all his gravity, despite his imposing *gandeur*, which dominates everything, and might easily allow each of his quartets to be transformed into a symphony, he was the first to desert the Minuet for the more animated, more lively, and more sparkling Scherzo; in this he has been imitated by his successors. Perhaps he considered the form of the Minuet too old and too much worn for the new regions to which his sublime genius was about to rise.

In Spohr, though he does not come until after Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, there is not a passage which fails to introduce a modulation, or a new and unexpected chord. His work is like a picture immensely enhanced in value by the extreme care bestowed upon its accessories and details. There is invariably a full flood of rich harmony—this is always the case, even in the quartet-solo, where the accompanying parts, though yielding the pre-eminence to the first violin, introduce such splendid chords that they impart to the passages and melodies of the solo a colour and meaning that cause it to stand out a thousand times more than it otherwise would.

In each of Spohr's Quartets, every part has, more than any other, its own peculiar object, interest, and speciality, from which it never swerves. Though, as a rule, chaste and severe, Spohr particularly affects the forms of the six-eight and its derivatives, and his style exercises a strong seductive power on the musician, when the latter has once succeeded in understanding it. His music is sweet, tender, and rhythmical, vaporous and vague, like the poetry of the Orientals. Placed between Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Spohr, while inclining towards the first two, knew how to create a manner and effects of his own, how to invent an original style, which will for ever immortalize him like them.

Beethoven felt very clearly that, though the Quartet may, by the grandeur and the majesty of the thoughts, affect the style of the symphony, it must never assume the *brío* of the latter; Onslow felt this as well as Beethoven; despite an impetuosity, a brilliancy

we meet with nowhere else, he never overstepped the limits traced by the Beautiful and the True. Yet how easily he might have been led away, for he was a master whose every work is like an improvisation emanating from a soul of fire in a state of ecstasy!

There are, therefore, we perceive, as many different styles as there are brilliant names, each one shining like a glorious star in the firmament of futurity. Yet all these masters understood each other; all started from the same point: the True! It was that which enabled them to speak the language of genius.

How noble and sacred is the mission of the artist charged with interpreting these masters! How he ought to endeavour, all his life, to fulfil it honourably, studying and commentating them in order to understand them, and render them with scrupulous fidelity, according to healthy tradition, that he may seize their genuine signification. If he has not studied, he will interpret badly, and he, the grand priest of genius, will be to blame, if the masterpiece remains unappreciated by every man who possesses a soul born to feel music vividly, and love it.

At present, what remains for the composer who shall come after all these great names?—How will he write?—In what style?—Everything, whether in melody or harmony, has already been said and done. But no! Genius will never utter its last word; it is inexhaustible, like its principle, which is divine. There will always be great poets, great painters, and great musicians. What would man be without poetry, painting, and music, that noble Trinity of art, which is all love, and by love the world is, was, and ever will be!

WAIFS.

Mdme. Monbelli has been playing in opera, at the Cologne Thalia.

Hamlet has been revived at the Grand Opéra, with Mdle. Sessi in the part of Ophelia. The representations are spoken of as very successful.

L'Art Musical pronounces the rumour that Mr. Mapleson has secured the right of performing *Aida* to be "inexacte, du moins jusqu'à présent."

Captain Harvey (late Royal Artillery) has made a most successful *début* at Malta, in the opera of *La Favorita*. His rich tenor voice delighted the Maltese.

Mr. John Gill has been appointed Organist and Choir-master of St. Paul's Church, Great Portland Street. There will be a surpliced choir, and a full choral service.

The new Amateur Musical Society, entitled the Belgrave Minstrels, gave their first concert at the residence of Mrs. Duff, 14, Eaton Square, last Monday. It was numerously attended.

Put a piano into a family where there are children, and you pave the way for them straight to a pleasure which will never wear out so long as life remains, or the functions of the mind retain their office.

The Théâtre Italien was to open on Thursday last with a concert for the liberation of territory fund, after which the regular representations were to commence. M. Verger has secured the services of a capital troupe.

A cold, unappreciative, and unsympathetic audience has much the same effect upon the sensitive nature of an artist who confronts it, as has the ice-tempered air of the polar region upon the violet of May, or the rose of June.

L'Art Musical points out a curious fact which may be attributed to the irony of chance. At a Conservatoire concert, given in aid of the fund for paying the German bailiffs out of France, every piece was by a German composer.

A new thanksgiving anthem, by Mr. Edward J. Hopkins, "God, who commanded the light to shine," was sung on Sunday last at the Temple Church, of which the talented composer is organist and director of the choir.

The veteran baritone, Signor Tamburini (now in his 73rd year) has been singing, at Nice, "Vi ravviso," and as well, it is affirmed, though hardly to be expected, as he first sang it in 1827, when it was composed for him by Bellini.

Dave Carson Sahib Ka Pucka Tumasha, is the name of a gentleman who will shortly make his appearance in London. He is on his way from India, and is well known by Anglo-Indians, for his illustrations of the comic side of the Hindoo character.

Musicians rarely go into the "happy family" line, and we are not surprised to hear that Mdme. Sass and Signor Bottesini have quarrelled at Cairo. The *chef d'orchestre* sent in his resignation which the Khédive refused to accept, but Bottesini was obstinate, and the result is an end to his engagement.

In acknowledgment of the zeal displayed by the city of London on the occasion of the Thanksgiving, a Baronetcy is to be conferred on the Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs Truscott and Bennett will obtain the honour of Knighthood. [And the man who wrote the Thanksgiving *Te Deum* and Anthem?—Ed.]

A Cincinnati correspondent of the *Chillicothe Post* gives his experience at a Nilsson crush at Pike's Operahouse, and utters this libel: "I thought my wife had the sharpest knees in Ohio, but she ain't a circumstance to these Cincinnati girls. One of them pushed her knee against my legs, and it feels as if I'd been vaccinated."

Mr. Rausford, in compliance with the suggestions of his numerous friends, and at the request of a large number of the public, who were unable to come to his concert, at St. James's Hall, on "Thanksgiving night," has announced his intention of repeating it on Thursday evening, April 11th.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Daily Republican*, in a notice of *Fra Diavolo*, as performed by the Nilsson troupe, praises emphatically the "very clever and amusing" Lord Alcazar of Mr. C. Lyall. Our American contemporary evidently knows a good thing when he sees it. So does the *Utica Morning Herald*, which pronounces the same "irresistibly laughable." Mr. Lyall's facial expression, says this journal, "was a performance of itself."

A Wagner Society has been formed in London, under the presidency of Lord Lindsay, and the management of Mr. Dannreuther, to facilitate the acquisition of seats for the performances of Wagner's trilogy, *Der Ring des Niebelungen*, which are to take place at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1873, under the composer's direction, and at a theatre especially built for the purpose. The society further intends to give a series of orchestral concerts, to consist of selections from Wagner's later operas, and other works rarely or never heard in England.

The Readings on the 23rd of February, at the Islington and Holloway *Athenæum*, were made remarkable by the re-appearance in public of a lady once renowned in the musical world, though her fame was rather Continental than British. Miss Chipp belongs to a celebrated musical family, but from very sad domestic circumstances, she has been imprisoned in silent privacy for several years. On Friday, she prevailed on by some of her friends to sing at the *Athenæum*, and was so successful as to obtain two encores. She sang Handel's "Lascia ch' i pianga," and Bishop's "Home, sweet home." One would not have thought, from the purity of her intonation, that Miss Chipp had left her voice unused so long. We are glad to learn that hereafter the public will have several opportunities of hearing this cultivated vocalist.—*North Londoner*.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus speaks of Mdle Nilsson's last performance at Pike's Opera-House:—

"The spell of enchantment remained unbroken to the last. On no other occasion has the tribute of genuine admiration been more generously paid to Christina Nilsson than on that of her farewell appearance in opera last evening. The audience overflowed into the aisles and lobbies, and clung to the railings of the stairway. There was eagerness to hear the last notes of the Northern minstrel, and sorrow as real when the magical voice failed upon the ear—not soon, perhaps never, to be heard again by the hushed multitude—as is expressed in that scene itself. It seemed, when she appeared as lady Lady Henrietta, as Mignon, as Leonora, that her consummate qualities as an actress and singer had not before been fully appreciated. Repeatedly called before the curtain, all that an audience may do to demonstrate its delight and enthusiasm was done. Mdle Nilsson has nothing but pleasant memories to take with her from Cincinnati."

Watson's New York Art Journal thus describes Mdme. Parepa-Rosa's performance of Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, recently produced in New York:—

"It is in such music as that allotted to Susanna, that Mdme. Parepa-Rosa shines to the highest advantage. In it the purity of her style, the exquisite quality and the perfect education of her voice make themselves felt. It would seem impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than her singing of that music; every phrase had been carefully studied, and the result was a rendering so purely classic, so refined, tender, and touching, that nothing was left to wish for. The charm of Mdme. Rosa's voice is simply irresistible; it is the very essence of melody, pure unadulterated tone, that touches the heart with its simple loveliness, and completely satisfies the most refined sense of hearing, by its unbroken chain of golden melody. It is a wonderful gift, and it has not been neglected; for study has moulded it, and the perfection of art has enriched it and doubled its value. It would be useless to individualize the beauties of her Susanna, as her vocal personation was without a blemish. She also acted the part with grace and spirit."

Watson has also a kind word for our clever and promising young countrywoman, Miss Clara Doria:—

"Miss Clara Doria proved a most interesting Countess, and sang the music chastely and with sweet expression. She is an unassuming but most meritorious young artist."

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. Planché's *King Christmas*, which has outstripped the season it was intended to enliven, will be withdrawn next week. On Wednesday, a new Entertainment, by F. C. Burnand, the music to which is composed by Mr. James L. Molloy, will be produced under the title of *My Aunt's Secret*. This novelty, coupled with *Home for the Holidays*, and the humorous and sparkling Proverb, *Charity begins at Home*, will make one of the most attractive programmes we have had for some years at this popular place of amusement.

Mr. Lester Wallack has published the following card in relation to the future movements of Mr. Sothorn:—

"I have engaged this celebrated comedian to commence at Wallack's in September next. He will be the prominent and principal feature of my fall and winter season, appearing in a round of those characters which have made his name famous throughout England for the last ten years. Plays in which he has not yet acted in America, as well as others entirely new and specially written for him, will be produced under his own supervision and with the strongest available casts."

A numerous and select assemblage of ladies and gentlemen met at the Academy of St. Cecilia, Sandon Street, the other evening, to hear a lecture by Sir Julius Benedict, on the Life and Works of Weber. The lecturer at the outset said that his object was to speak of the distinctive features of the great composer's genius with regard to the music and works which to-day forms the delight not only of amateurs but of artists. Having touched upon the leading incidents in Weber's chequered and romantic career, Sir Julius observed that the distinctive features in his instrumental music, more especially for the pianoforte, were—romanticism, a strong poetical feeling, and what might be called tone-painting. But if he stepped away from the classical productions of Beethoven and Mozart, he brought his art into the van of civilization, and connecting it with the poetry, the literature, nay, even the state of society of his day, thereby raising his craft a step higher in the social life. Referring to his personal intercourse with him as his pupil, the lecturer remarked, that to say what his manner was as a teacher, as a friend, would be perfectly impossible. He had all the qualities of the true artist. The enthusiasm, the knowledge, the civility which he studied and practised, he recommended to others; while, at the same time, he possessed such a mildness of character, such a kind disposition, that it was impossible not to love and revere him. Sir Julius concluded with a very interesting account of the circumstances connected with the production of *Der Freischütz* in Berlin, at which he was present, amid an enthusiastic reception he had never seen surpassed in any country. At intervals, a musical treat was afforded to the audience by the performance on the piano of some duets by Weber, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*, the executants being Sir Julius and Mrs. Beasley.

MUSIC IN TASMANIA.

(From our own Correspondent).

Miss Alice May has quite captivated the hearts of the Tasmanians, and the opera company are still continuing their most effective performances in Hobart Town. Two new operas have been added to Miss May's *répertoire*, *La Sonnambula* and *Fra Diavolo*. Of the former the *Mercury* thus speaks:—

"A finer performance than that of last night, in every respect, has never taken place on the Australian stage. Dealing with the smaller matters first, we may say that the stage appointments were excellent, the scenery was good, the audience became thoroughly warmed up as the opera proceeded, and the curtain fell upon a most undeniable success. From the opening chorus, 'Vive Aminta,' to the closing recitative and chorus, there was nothing whatever with which serious fault could be found. Miss May at once proved in the opening recitative, 'Dearest companions,' how peculiarly well she is adapted for a part in which so many of her illustrious sisters of song have won their greatest triumphs. It was in the second act, however, that Miss May proved her greatness as an artist. The sleep-walking scene, which brings her to the Count's bedchamber, in the Golden Fleece, was admirably performed, and her acting generally maintained the character we have ascribed to it."

Miss May's benefit was a success, as the following from the *Mercury* will show:—

"Miss Alice May, last night, had her first and only benefit since her arrival in Hobart Town. It was under the patronage of Commodore Stirling and the officers of H.M.S. *Clio*, and we were happy to see a large and fashionable attendance. The Commodore and Mr. Chichester occupied the Governor's box, and a considerable number of the officers were present. Miss May has deservedly won the favour of the public by her spirited and graceful impersonations, her excellent acting, and charming singing."

The company proceed to Launceston on Wednesday, where they perform for a time, and then return to Melbourne.

The story of the English ballet-girls engaged by one Strauss, and deported for service in French theatres, is a black and heartless affair. At the best of times a ballet-girl is subjected to the often undeserved scorn and suspicion of people who affect a purism of respectability, and to the sinister designs of those who consider that any woman on the stage is a fair object for their attentions. In France such dangers are certainly not less than in England. Bearing these things in mind, we may readily imagine how wicked was the conduct of Fernand Strauss, who engaged a troop of ballet-girls for performances at Nantes, and after embezzling three weeks' salary committed to him, absconded, leaving them absolutely destitute. The English Consul appears to have behaved well, and ten girls have been able to get back to the country. Strauss is out of reach. In treating with foreign theatrical agents girls should always act through some trustworthy adviser.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WEIPPERT & Co.—"Abshied von Tegernsee waltzes," by W. F. Banks.
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis," by H. S. Oakeley.
BUSBY & Co.—"Emma," ballad, by Benedict Vaughan.
HOPEWOOD & CREW.—"Two loves," duet, by A. W. Nicholson.
BOOSEY & Co.—"Cantata, written on the recovery of the Prince of Wales," by C. Mandel.
CRAMER WOOD & Co.—"Alice in Wonderland," waltzes, by E. C. Llewellyn.
HENRY STEAD & Co.—"Chant du Solr," by Edmond Wiehler, "Coquette," polka de Salon, by Alfred Noyer.

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"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work."—WALTER MAYNARD.

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